

BRYAN'S FRIENDS ARE
KEEPING EYES ON
NEW YORK.

Stone, of Missouri, Relieves Hogg, of Texas, as the Sentinel of Those Who Want the Nebraskan Named in 1900.

Texan Calls on Ex-Justice Van Wyck and Will Take a Trip Into New England so as to Watch the Gorman Boom.

Governor Roosevelt Issues an Appeal to Independents to Join with Quigg, Whose Good Faith He Guarantees.

WHEN William Jennings Bryan was conducting his memorable campaign, three years ago, he called this State "the enemy's country." Then the majority of his foes were Republicans and fought in the open.

Now Colonel Bryan and his friends fear meet their foes within the party. Until after the national convention is over Colonel Bryan's interests here will be looked after by some friend strong enough in the party to give weight to his actions and utterances.

Former Governor Hogg, of Texas, arrived here in time to make a Bryan speech in Tammany Hall on the Fourth. The purpose of his visit was to observe the course of events and do anything necessary to prevent the side-tracking or overshadowing of Colonel Bryan as a Presidential candidate.

He did not come to make a speech. Indeed, he declined to speak, but changed his mind when he heard that a boom for Augustus Van Wyck was to be launched. But before this it had been decided to keep a close watch on New York. The Tammany Hall meeting simply proved that a watch was even more necessary than was at first imagined.

Mr. Hogg concluded to remain over as a sort of sentry until some other strong Democrat could relieve him. Now he has been relieved.

Stone Takes Hogg's Place.
Former Governor William J. Stone, of Missouri, acting chairman of the Democratic National Committee, arrived here yesterday. How long he will remain is not known. When he departs there will be some other loyal friend of Colonel Bryan here, and so it will go on.

Mr. Hogg said he came here on business. Mr. Stone says he is here on a quest. The sentries who follow will also be on duty. This business is to keep Colonel Bryan in the forefront of political events. It will be difficult for Colonel Bryan's enemies here to throw a picture on the canvas without his friends demanding the privilege of following with one of their own.

Any refusal might be accepted as an open declaration of war, and no Democratic organization is ready for such a step. Mr. Hogg had plenty of fun while on duty. Now he is preparing for more fun by making a trip through the East on a "tally-ho." He may leave to-day.

"It is purely a pleasure trip," he said, with a laugh. A few friends invited me to join them and I accepted."

Mr. Hogg will, however, shout for Colonel Bryan wherever a shout will aid his cause. The course of the ex-Governor will be followed with interest by Arthur Hays Sulzberger, who is at Magnolia Beach, near Boston. Mr. Gorman is a candidate for the Presidency, and, naturally, he is looking after his own interests.

Anti-Bryan Men to Meet.

Augustus Van Wyck, mentioned as a Presidential possibility, is attending strictly to his law business. A little later he will go to Saratoga and there meet many Democrats who have no special love for Colonel Bryan. Gorman will be there, too. Richard Croker and David B. Reid, the Democratic National Committee, will be there, too. A crowd of their views concerning Colonel Bryan.

Ex-Governor Hogg visited Mr. Van Wyck yesterday with J. J. Willet, of Alabama, who started the Van Wyck boom at the Fourth of July celebration in the Wigwam. The visit to Brooklyn caused rumors that ex-Justice Van Wyck would take the second place on the ticket if New York stood by Bryan. Later Mr. Hogg called on May Van Wyck.

Last night Mr. Stone was the guest of Bernard Baruch at Long Branch, where he went with Colonel Moses Wetmore, of St. Louis. It was offered \$150,000 to start a Bryan newspaper in Chicago, providing \$200,000 more can be raised. Mr. Jones is an editor himself. Colonel Wetmore, it is said, has agreed to furnish \$50,000 and \$50,000 more is in sight. Before going to the seaside Mr. Stone will make warily to newspaper men. He said:

"I am in a position to make the positive statement that Senator Jones will remain at the head of the Democratic National Committee and will lose no time in getting to work on his return in September.

"You may also say that William Jennings Bryan will be the next President of the United States and that the Democratic Chicago convention platform of 1896."

Interest in the unusual meeting of the National Democratic Committee a week ago here is beginning to grow. Democrats here are beginning to wonder what the purpose of the meeting is. Mr. Stone wouldn't tell. Asked if he was here to arrange for it, he said that it needed no arranging; otherwise he wouldn't be here.

St. Louis View of Candidates.

One of Mr. Stone's callers yesterday was Thomas C. Hennings, secretary of the Jefferson Club, the leading Democratic social organization of St. Louis. Mr. Hennings said some things about Judge Van Wyck. "The Democrats of the West and South," he said, "regard Judge Van Wyck as quite as much of a Southern Democrat as a New Yorker. In the war against Bryan, he is being looked to as the most conspicuous champion of the cause. His Democratic all over the West and South."

"There is a deal of talk about Van Wyck for the Presidency in Missouri, especially among young men who believe that the Republicans cannot be driven from power without the aid of New York."

"Of course, the great majority of the Democrats in Missouri are not ready to sever their allegiance to Bryan, who personally has a great hold on their affections. But Colonel Bryan is much stronger than

ONLY THEMSELVES TO BLAME!



Who Were the Loudest Shouters for the Trust Ticket in 1896? Who Have Felt the Knife They Sharpened Then?

KRAMER'S ELEVATOR
CRUSHES HIS MAN.

Car Falls On Jacob Blum in the Bottom of the Shaft.

When William Kramer, proprietor of the Atlantic Garden for many years, now a helpless invalid, had an elevator put into his handsome house at One Hundred and Fifty-second street, between Amsterdam avenue and Broadway, last week, as described in the Journal on Sunday, he expected that it would add greatly to his comfort, as he is unable to walk at all.

As a matter of fact, he has not dared to ride in his new acquisition since it has been in running order. That his distrust of the elevator was well founded was shown last night when Jacob Blum, Mr. Kramer's attendant, was crushed beneath the elevator car at the bottom of the shaft.

Blum was taken to the Manhattan Hospital. There it was found that his nose and one leg were broken, and that the other leg badly bruised. The doctors were not certain whether his skull was fractured or not.

According to the accounts given by the members of the family the accident was due to the carelessness or stupidity of Blum. He had been shown again and again how to run the elevator, which works by hand. He understood perfectly how to pull the rope to let himself up or down. He also had worked a white rope attachment that acted as a brake. It had been explained to him that when the car reached the bottom of the shaft he must push back a lever and also fasten the car with a bolt. Otherwise the counter weight which balanced the car to a pulley would pull it up to the top of the shaft again the moment it was released of his weight when he stepped out.

At 8 o'clock last evening Blum came down in the elevator and stepped out the bottom without attaching the car, as he had been told to do. When the car started up and had already reached the parlor floor, he rushed into the shaft and threw all his weight upon the rope that is used for hauling it down. The stoppage was so sudden that a supporting rope either broke or pulled through its socket, and the car fell upon Blum.

SAGE AND GOULD
SPLIT FOR GOOD.

Their Time-Honored Alliance Is Now Completely Broken and Uncle Russell No Longer Is a Factor in Big Enterprises.

The time-honored Gould-Sage alliance has been broken.

The compact into which Jay Gould and Russell Sage entered for the purpose of ruling men and railroads, which was continued after Jay Gould's death, has at last been completely snubbed.

All Wall Street knows of Russell Sage's ambitious dream. He has lived his long years in the hope that men would say: "He wears the mantle of the Great Wizard."

But the spectral goal has receded as he advanced upon it. And now, when the shadows begin to fall around him, the vision disappears in the gathering darkness.

Company after company has dropped the aged millionaire from its directorate. The younger men with whom he has been associated scarcely listen now with the respect due to old age to what he says. The financial world is leaving him to his gold.

They borrow his money, they pay him his interest. None goes to him as capitalist or promoter. The vapors of his mighty dreams condense Russell Sage at last into a money lender.

A Journal reporter asked Russell Sage yesterday if it were true that his old alliance with the Goulds had been broken; if it were true that the Gould interests had combined with the new Vanderbilt faction in the Manhattan Elevated; if, in fact, he had ceased to be a factor in the management of the Manhattan "L."

The aged financier's small gray eyes slowly closed, and he squinted long at the sunlit roofs visible from his office windows. Then quite suddenly he fixed his glance upon his questioner and blurted out:

"Young man, I refuse to discuss that question."

"Either to affirm or deny it?"

"I shall not deny it. I shall not affirm it."

The parting of Gould and Sage is a fact. It is so well known that Russell Sage's

comment upon it would add little to the story.

The beginning of the end was early in 1896. In that year the Missouri Pacific Railway issued \$5,000,000 in bonds for construction purposes. Prior to this bond issue the construction work of the Missouri Pacific had been done by a company controlled jointly by Russell Sage and Jay Gould.

But through the influence of George Gould the new contract was let to another company, which drew \$5,000,000 from the Missouri Pacific treasury for the work.

Sage charged that 300 miles of road had been paid for at the rate of \$10,000 a mile, when it should have cost but \$8,000 a mile. Sage insisted that the Gould estate restore to him \$2,400,000 on account of this alleged over-pay.

George Gould has steadfastly refused, and Russell Sage has been so tied up with the Gould estate in other investments that he has never been in a position to legally insist upon a settlement.

On account of Sage's action in trying to ruin the Schiff syndicate, which was trying to beat the Government in the Union Pacific reorganization scheme, because he could not "hog" the proposed profits of the scheme, the old man in January, 1898, was dropped by the Mercantile Trust Company directors, of which he had been a member for twenty-five years.

Almost contemporaneous with this humiliation, the Iowa Central Railway, of which he had been president for years, deposed him.

When George Gould, as president of the Manhattan, began to talk of equipping the "L" road with electricity and making other improvements, Sage opposed these improvements.

The directors heard him, but heeded him not. Gould, with the strong Vanderbilt faction with him, issued bonds, sold them and went ahead with his plans as if Russell Sage had been a petty stockholder.

In the great enterprises of the day Sage is no longer a factor. He is at last locked up with his hundred millions and at length must know himself that he is what Wall Street has always called him—the great money lender.

THE KISSING BUG
CAresses FOUR.

Quartet of Swollen Lips Treated by Bellevue Surgeons.

The time for scoffing at the kissing bug has passed. Those who haven't been kissed are incredulous; they think the funny men have seized upon the kissing bug as a profitable idea, rather than as a real menace. All such infidels are respectfully referred to four patients treated at Bellevue Hospital Dispensary yesterday. Each was bitten on the upper lip by one of the insects, and that labial member was so swollen by the time the four reached the hospital that they looked as if they had been made up for a negro minstrel show.

The swelling ranged from half more than normal to four times the normal size. The victims were:

James Hickey, fifteen years old, a printer, of No. 238 East Twenty-fourth street, bitten on the right side of the upper lip; size, four times the normal.

Charles Bonignore, nineteen years old, a dry goods clerk, of No. 43 Second street, bitten to the right of the corner of the mouth; size, three and a half times the normal.

Edward Quirk, twenty years of age, a painter, of No. 122 West Sixteenth street, bitten near centre of upper lip; size, half more than normal.

Mary Smith, twenty-three years of age, of No. 420 East One Hundred and Eighty-first street, bitten on the left side of the upper lip; size, twice the normal.

DOCTOR CHARGED HIM ONLY \$1,000 A VISIT.

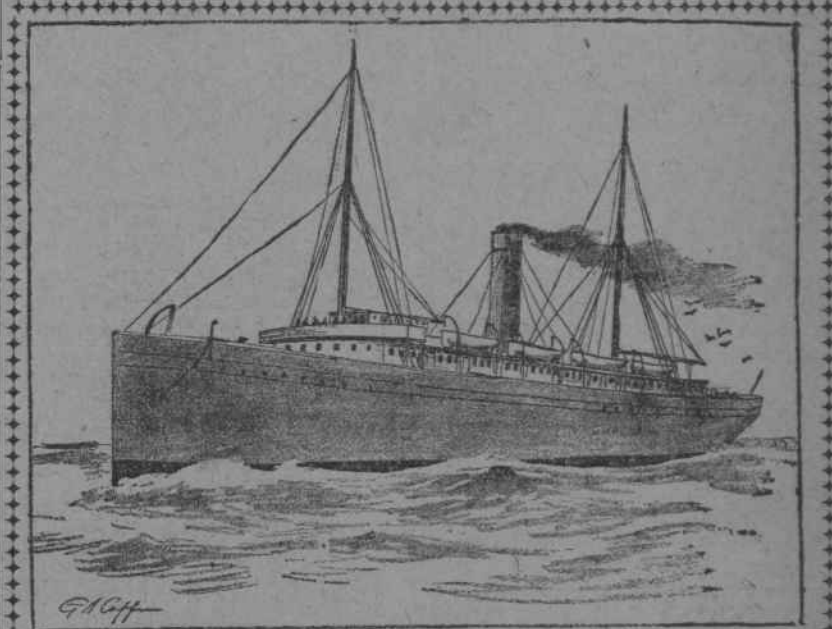
Ithaca, N. Y., July 10.—An interesting case is pending in the Supreme Court of Tompkins County. Dr. B. L. Robinson, of McLean, has sued G. E. Chambers, of the same village, for a bill of \$10,000 for services.

The physician made ten visits to the defendant's home during the recent illness of the latter, charging him \$1,000 per visit. The defendant has refused to pay the bill.

75 TOURISTS ON
THE PORTIA WRECKED.

Mostly New Yorkers on a Holiday Excursion to Nova Scotia or Newfoundland, and All Safely Landed on Flinn's Island.

The Steamship Ran on Big Fish Shoal, and the Fact That the Sea Was Not High Probably Accounts for the Escape of the Passengers and Crew.



The Wrecked Steamship Portia.

Halifax, N. S., July 10.—The steamer Portia, from New York to Halifax, was wrecked during a dense fog early this evening on Big Fish Shoal, one mile and a half west of the Sambro light and about fifteen miles to the eastward of Halifax.

The passengers and crew, 115 all told, landed on Flinn's Island in the ship's boats and are all comfortably housed there.

No loss of life is reported. As soon as the people had all been safely landed Captain Farrell started for the mainland with a boat's crew. He reached Sambro late to-night, whence he sent the news of the disaster to Halifax by telephone.

Fortunately the weather was moderate and the sea was not running very high, otherwise the landing of those on board the steamer could not have been accomplished without great danger and perhaps loss of life.

The steamer is already full of water and a total wreck. The disaster occurred shortly before 7 p. m. The passengers, of whom there are seventy-five, are nearly all tourists. The

steamer had a large cargo for this port and St. John's, N. F.

Machias, Me., July 10.—A tug which came up the bay to-night reports that persons supposed to be the crew of the Portia have landed on Roque Bluff.

The Portia, a single screw, schooner rigged steamship of 1,150 gross tons, was built at New York City in 1884. She was 220 feet long, 31 feet beam and 23 feet depth. Her engines were of the compound order, and at the best the little craft could not log more than twelve knots.

NURSE AVERTS A
BELLEVUE PANIC.

Alone in a Ward of Helpless Patients, Miss Abbe Battles with Flames Kindled by a Candle—Her Face and Hands Terribly Burned Before Help Arrives.

It was only the rare presence of mind of a devoted nurse that prevented a frightful conflagration at Bellevue Hospital last night that would have resulted in the loss of hundreds of lives.

Miss Abbe is her name. She is night nurse in the middle ward of the Marquand Pavilion.

The pavilion is a long stone structure that extends on Twenty-sixth street from First avenue to the hospital gate. In it are placed the "probable incurables, cripples and chronic cases."

It was built twelve years ago, and is devoid of the electric light and other modern improvements of the rest of the hospital.

It was after last midnight when Miss Abbe, with a vial in hand, walked over to one of the cots, where lay a boy of ten years suffering from meningitis.

In her left hand she held a candle. As she brushed aside the mosquito netting over the cot a sudden wind from an open window brought the flames of the candle in contact with it.

In an instant the mosquito netting and the frame from which it hung were in a blaze.

Quick as thought she lifted the boy out on to the floor and, snatching a blanket from the bed, threw it over him. Then she tore the flaming mosquito netting, wrapped it up in a bundle and threw it out of the window.

But not until the curtains over the two adjoining cots had caught fire.

Her hands were badly burned and so was her face. Her eyebrows were burned off and her hair was singed, but she kept up her heroic fight with the flames alone in a ward full of helpless patients.

She dragged these out of their cots as

fast as the curtains caught fire, and kept on tearing the curtains down and stamping out the flames on the floor.

Some one raised the cry of fire just as Albert Stone, an ambulance driver, whose day's work was done, was walking through the gate.

He rushed into the pavilion and helped Miss Abbe tear down curtains and lift helpless men and women out of the burning cots.

Their work was successful, and not much more than a cloud of smoke was left of the pavilion, but there was no need of them.

The fire had been extinguished. All they could do was to catch Miss Abbe, as she lay fainting and exhausted to the floor after the awful ordeal and carry her to the hospital office.

There has probably been no surgical operation performed at Bellevue for a long time in which the surgeons took such a keen personal interest as when they dressed the brave nurse's wounds. She will probably recover, although the flames from which she saved hundreds of lives threatened to her cure may have disfigured her face.

Miss Rickart, who is only a slip of a girl, picked the old woman up in her arms and carried her into the gate keeper's house.

Then she made a wild dash for the fire alarm box on the wall near the corner of First avenue.

It was only a few minutes later when engine 16 came clattering down Twenty-sixth street.

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RODE OFF ON THE
WHEEL SHE STOLE.

Lulu Rohss Scorching with It from Paterson to Passaic, but Was Arrested.

Lulu Rohss, twenty-three years old, of Passaic, N. J., was arrested yesterday as she was trying to sell a wheel which had been stolen from Paterson.

She said she took the wheel from in front of a house in Paterson Sunday and rode to Passaic on it. She belongs to a respectable family and says she never stole anything before and does not know why she stole the wheel.

SIX BIG BOYS TRY
TO WRECK A TRAIN.

They Tampered with a Signal Switch at Shamokin, and All of Them Were Arrested.

Shamokin, Pa., July 10.—A special policeman of the Philadelphia & Reading Railway Company to-day arrested Arthur and Henry Heuninger, Richard Weikel, George Grier, Raymond Brightbill and Phron Troutman, all aged from fourteen to seventeen, for tampering with a signal switch.

Several of the boys confessed they wanted to wreck the southbound passenger train due soon after they committed the act.